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The Home Journal.

W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

The following lines are beautifully mournful, and make the very best of poetry:

SAD MEMORIES.

BY GEORGE W. WEEKS.

When the low, mournful echoes of the past
Send, sighing sadly, back their dirge-like strain,
And chant of joys too precious far to last,
And hours of bliss I ne'er can taste again—
Ah! then my aching heart feels sad and lone,
And broods, with miser care, o'er pleasures fled;
And mourns, with bitter grief, for loved ones gone
Unto the silent chambers of the dead!

Oh! not one hand in this world's wilderness
Can smooth care's furrows on my aching brow,
And not a heart can feel for the distress
That preys upon my ice-bound heart-strings now!
Ah, no! each hand has other brows to smooth,
Without whose charm would clouds of woe o'ercast;
And each fond heart has other hearts to love,
Without whose love would break 'neath sorrow's blast.

Oh! bruised and shattered heart! why wast thou left
To beat alone on this bleak, desert shore,
Without one spot where thou couldst safely rest
When passion-waves around thy pathway roar?
And why did not this care-rent bosom cease
To feel, before it knew the weight of care?
And this poor pulse be still, ere woe and grief
Had dried the flowing fount of rapture there!

From thy dear, blissful home, O loved and lost,
Look in the heart that beats so lonely here;
And warm the bosom chilled by wind and frost,
That, like a freezing iceberg, gathers there.
And when its earthly sighs and woes are o'er,
And it shall sink, with keenest anguish riven;
When sorrow's surges shall be heard no more,
Oh! let it throb with joy again in heaven!

LIFE'S TEMPTATIONS

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER I.

"And so you are going to leave us, Ned?" said old farmer Webb, in a tone of inquiry to his late assistant.

"Why, yes," was the reply, "I think that by so doing I can do better.—With the wages I have saved I intend to buy a small farm, and when my little girl and I are married, we shall settle down in life."

"I am glad to hear it, Ned, though it goes hard with us to part with you. You have been faithful to your trust, and may you be happy,—but beware of your mortal enemy, *rum*.

The young man was for a moment confused, but speedily recovering he replied. "Well, Mr. Webb, that I am resolved on. For two years have I been without it, and think that now I can refrain altogether. So good bye, I have a long road to travel yet, and I mean to reach my destination to-morrow."

"Good bye—God bless you," said the honest farmer, "and remember as you value your happiness, to avoid all intoxicating drinks."

"No fear for me," cried the young man, as he waved his hand, and whistling for his dog, a huge, shaggy creature, he took the road, and with a happy heart sped onward.

Edward Howard was one of those strong, hardy men, that seem to have been made expressly to clear the way for civilization. As he trudged on his way with his dog at his heels, and cast his eyes now on the vast expanse of prairie land, and now on the rude huts of the settlers, he seemed to have been formed for such a scene.

"Come old boy, come on Lion," he cried, and snapping his fingers, he bent down to stroke the dog. "You'll miss the old farm, and the old hearth, and the new folks perhaps will call you an ugly customer, but the girl that loves me will love you too, old boy. We are going to a new home." And here he struck up a lively tune, while the dog bounded on before him, wagging his tail, as if he understood all that his master said. Bright visions of the future came before the young man, and building fairy castles in the air he was happy.

He had not proceeded far before his ears were saluted with the shouts of a party who were returning from the fields. "Hillo, Ned," they cried, "where are you bound? Hillo, old Lion, where for now?"

"Why, my friend, I am going no further to night than the Western House," cried Ned, as he shook hands with them all, "and as for Lion, he'll not leave me. I must taste mother Thompson's tea to night."

"A cup of whisky would set better on your stomach," said one as he slapped the young man on the shoulders.

"Or a glass of the old man's punch," rejoined another.

"I wonder if Ned has any 'dimes,'" shouted out a third, "I move he treats the party."

"Och boys," cried a red faced Irishman, "lave the man alone, his money is where Paddy was—that's in the shark's mouth. Its a man like Ned that can keep money tight."

As the young man gazed around him and heard the laugh with which this salley was greeted, he felt quite displeased. His pride was touched—If there was one thing which he despised above all others, it was meanness, and therefore it was with eyes of fire he gazed round, and in a stern voice said:

"Hark ye, friends, I am no miser. It is true that there is money in my purse, but I do not intend to drink or treat, which perhaps is to you disagreeable news."

"Och, man, the news is just like Betsy's scolding—the very thing expected," cried the Irishman, and a loud laugh greeted his wit.

"It is not because I am afraid of the expense," replied Ned, his eyes flashing with passion.

"And is it because you are getting proud!" retorted his tormentor.

"You are all wrong," said another of the party, "Ned is not stingy after all. Come on men—old Thompson has got a fresh supply. Come along—Ned's a trump,' and placing his arm in that of the too yielding farmer, he led him on.

Alas! poor Edward! the fatal step was taken. Urged on by his pride, to show his friends that he was not penurious, he passed the Rubicon of safety, and plunged madly in the vortex of dissipation. The tavern was reached, and setting down upon a rude bench, he called boldly for the intoxicating liquor. As he raised the first cup to his lips, a warning voice spoke to his soul, and he felt dissatisfied with his conduct. But as the songs of his friends fell upon his ear, and as he heard their loud shouts of boisterous mirth, he was chained to the spot, and when morning dawned upon the earth his money was almost gone, and he himself in a sleep of drunkenness. It was midday before he again started on his journey, and as he passed the threshhold of the inn, he cursed the follies of the previous night. Lion bounded on before him as if joyous again to see his master sober, but Ned's steps were not as elastic as when first he started. He felt himself debased, and his course was downward. The warning voice of his good old master was forgotten, and entering the first low cabin on his route, he again drank of his enemy—rum. Thoughts of his betrothed—of his future prospects: would occasionally, like sunbeams, dart across his mind, then all would be dark.—Still he drank, and as he drew near to the home of his intended wife, his steps were staggering, and his head reeled from the effects of the poison. He had been tempted, and relying upon his own strength, rather than the grace of God, had fallen. The first false step was taken, and hope was shrouded in the darkness of despair.

CHAPTER II.

Carrie Bates loved Edward Howard—yea, loved him with all the strength of her woman's nature. She viewed him only through the medium of love, and all appeared bright.—'Tis true he had one fault, still her faith absolved it. But her stern old father regarded it as a fault which was to him a barrier not to be removed. Young Howard loved his glass, and when the father of the girl he cherished, reasoned with him on the folly of his course, he would treat it lightly, and in a tone of carelessness pass it by.

"Edward," said old Mr. Bates, "my child shall never wed a man who indulges in intoxicating drinks. It is useless to argue the matter, refrain from your enemy—be a man, and my daughter shall be yours."

Loving Carrie devotedly, he pledged himself to abstain from rum, and going to work for old Mr. Webb had saved up sufficient to buy a farm.—The reports of his conduct were time after time told to the loving girl, and the hopeful old man. The time of his probation wanted but a day of closing when he started from the house of his employer. Carrie's heart was beating high with joyful anticipations, and with a woman's trustfulness she looked for the return of her lover.

The day of his expected return came, and the bright sun imparted cheerfulness to all, but night had been ushered in and yet he came not. The second day dawned, but still the loving girl and the confiding old man were alone. Tears filled the eyes of the latter, but with true devotion, the former still hoped on—but it was almost hoping against hope. The old man's thoughts were of the lost—for he had heard that Howard was a drunkard. A week passed by, and still he came not. A hopeless grief now bowed Carrie beneath its sombre clouds. Broken-hearted, she no longer looked for her lover.

One night as she was sitting engaged in deep thought, and now and then would cast a sorrowing glance at her father, a low knocking was heard at the door, while at the same time the pitiful whine of a dog sounded in the air. In a moment she sprang upon her feet and opened the door; but she uttered a wild and piercing shriek, and fell fainting in her father's arms.

As the old man gazed upon the object which had so alarmed his daughter, he was astonished at what he beheld. There stood Edward with shoeless feet, and no clothing but a pair of old trowsers and a thin shirt. His eyes were dull and haggard, while his lips presented a fearful appearance.

"Take him away, father," cried the excited girl, "he is not my Edward—no, no, my Edward is dead. Take him away, this is some fiend come to mock me," and giving an awful cry, she fell prostrate on the floor—*reason had fled—she was mad.*

Snaken, degraded, as rum had made him, yet his heart was taunted at the agony of the girl. Throwing up his arms to heaven, he shouted, "I am a murder—a murderer—do you hear!—a murderer," and calling his dog he departed.

Two days after Edward Howard might have been seen staggering up to the tavern where his first ruin was effected, and supplicating for a glass of rum. The bar-keeper laughed and turned away.

With an aching head and a crazed brain the poor wretch wandered through the neighborhood. Often would his voice be heard in the hours of midnight, "Ha, ha, I am a murderer, I killed her—that is not my Edward—no, no—a fiend."

He too was a maniac. The vivid, but the cold serpent like gleam of his eyes could not be mistaken. Sometimes at midnight he would be heard fleeing by the farm houses as if for life; at other times loud cries and shouts would issue from the woods as if from one in great agony, and at others he would mutter to himself by hours. He disappeared at last. But one day as the sun went down, his beams fell upon the pale face of a corpse.

He was found lying at the foot of a tree, and as strangers bore him to his last resting place, no eye let fall a tear, no breast heaved a sigh, no marble marks the spot where he sleeps, but there unwept, unhonored, and uncared for, rests the body of the Victim of Intemperance.

Young reader take heed lest you fall into temptation, and pray that God may give you strength to resist the snares of the spoiler.

BELTIMORE, MD.

OH, LEAVE ME NOT!

Oh, leave me not! the evening hour,
So soft, so still, is all our own;
The dew descends on tree and flower,
They breathe their sweets for thee alone.

Oh, go not yet! the evening star,
The rising moon, all bid thee stay;
And dying echos, faint and far,
Invite our lingering steps to stray.

Far from the city's noisy din,
Beneath the pale moon's trembling light
That lip to press, those smiles to win,
Will lend a rapture to the night.

Let fortune fling her favors free
To whom she will, I'll ne'r repine.
Oh, what is all the world to me,
While thus I clasp and call thee mine.

THE POOR PRINTER.

A TRUE TALE.

It was a cold evening in the month of December, that Judge Wright was sitting by a pleasant fire, at the residence of his brother, in Louisville, Ky. His little niece was sitting beside him, with her head resting on his arm, and her hair falling inringlets over her snowy shoulders.

"Tell us a story of a mechanic, uncle, if you please, for I often hear you speaking of them," spoke the little girl, looking up innocently into the face of the Judge.

"I will tell you one of a poor printer I knew," replied the Judge, "if you will only promise to pay attention to it."

"Of course I will uncle, for I always like to hear of printers.

The Judge seemed wrapped in study for some moments, and then began:

"I once knew a man, said he, who lived in a little town in the western part of Virginia. He was of respectable family, but not very wealthy, and the youth, for a youth he was at the time our narrative commences, expressed a desire to learn the printing business. His parents having no objections to it, he entered an office in the town of W———, which was carried on by a young man of the name of M——. He continued in the office for some two years, at the expiration of which the office was sold out to another firm. The former proprietor of the establishment immediately purchased another office in the interior of the State, and the young man wishing to finish his trade with those he had commenced with, immediately left home and joined his old employers. Time rolled on, and his apprenticeship was finished, when he returned home. There he meets his old friends and former associates, and particularly a young lady to whom he was very much attached. His visits were very often and in less than a year they were engaged to be married.

He in the mean time had purchased a printing office, and was publishing a weekly paper and by applying himself closely to the office, had many friends, and as is the case in publishing a paper, some enemies had sought every means within their power to injure him, but in spite of all they could do, he still prospered in business.

But although he was engaged, some of the ladies of the place, who had set themselves up as aristocracy, sought an interview with the young lady's mother and by falsehood and misrepresentations, succeeded in winning the unsuspecting parent over to their side, and by her interference with her daughter, the marriage was broken off.

This was more than the young man could stand, and at the end of the volume, he discontinued the paper, and fled for parts unknown.

Years rolled on, we find the young printer a successful lawyer, residing in the city of New Orleans. He had there gained a name that will ever stand, not only as being an influential member of the bar, but a respectable and honored citizen of the "Crescent City."

As the young lawyer was sitting in his office one afternoon, reading, he was interrupted by a gentle rap at the door. The lawyer answered the knock with his pleasant 'come in.' The door opened and the figure of a female entered. She seemed about thirty years of age; she had been one of the most handsome of her sex, although time has cast its shadows over the freshness of her features.

'Are you a lawyer?' she inquired in a sweet musical voice.

"I have the honor to belong to that profession," replied he.

'I have a case I would be happy to have you attend to if you will do so,' she added blushing.

'What is the tenor of it?'

'It is a divorce case. My husband, shortly after our marriage, took to drinking very hard, and having squandered our means has now abandoned me altogether, and I am forced to take in sewing to support myself and child."

'I will do what I can for you, madam, and I think there will be no difficulty in obtaining one.'

The lady gave her name as Mrs. Young, and said she was boarding with a friend at number———Chesnut street, and then left the office.

After she had gone, the thought occurred to him, that he had seen the face before and the more he thought of it, the more he was convinced that such was the case, and to satisfy his curiosity he resolved to visit her the following day. The next afternoon he called on Chestnut street, and there found the person he was in search of, sitting in a very nicely furnished apartment, with a sweet, rosy cheeked boy by her side.

After talking on the different topics of the day, he ventured to ask her if she was a native of the State.

"No sir, I was raised in Virginia, and resided there till shortly after my marriage," she answered.

"Did you not at one time reside in the village of M———?"

"I resided there several years," said the lady, as she scrutinized the features of the lawyer.

"I suppose you were acquainted with the citizens generally, were you not?"

"Yes, I was partially acquainted with most of the inhabitants" said she.

"Were you acquainted with a young man by the name of W———, who published a paper there?"

"I was very well acquainted with him as we were engaged to be married, but upon the interferance of my mother, and some others, it did not take place." Here a tear was seen to start down her cheek.

"Do you know what has become of him?" asked the lawyer.

"I do not," she replied, "but would to God I could find out where he is; for although I was forced to slight him, he would still be a friend to me," she said trying to hide her tears with her hankerchief.

"Then madam," he replied, "you see that man in me—I am that printer, the one that loved you above all others and the one you would now trust as a friend. He is all he was.

She sprang to his arms, their lips met, and the love they had for each other years before, was kindled anew.

"Ellen, my only love, nothing on earh could give me more pleasure than this meeting. Often have I thought of you since we parted on Virginia's lovely soil."

Thy talked over the times they had when young. How they had taken moonlight walks together in the garden, and exchanged pledges of love, and finally she told him she had been deceived by her husband, for instead of being a wealthy southern merchant he proved to be a gambler and drunkard.

He succeeded in getting a divorce for her, and they passed many happy hours together, but they were not numerous, for next spring she fell a victim to that terrible disease yellow fever. The lawyer ever proving a friend took the young boy and adopted him as his own. As he was never married, he had no more.

"I have finished the story, all but one thing," said the Judge.

"What is that?" asked his niece.

'It is simply this, that printer of whom I have been speaking is none other than your uncle. It is myself that was the hero of this story, and the child I spoke of, you know, he is in my office, and bids fair to become a good lawyer.

'That is a very nice story uncle.'

'Yes, dear, it is one you can profit by—Do not treat a person coldly because he happens to be a mechanic lest in the end he should turn out to be greater than you.'

KISSING.

There is something in a kiss,
Although we can't reveal it,
Which never comes amiss.
Not even when we steal it.

I'm well convinced there is
A certain something in it;
For though a single kiss,
We wisely strive to win it.

There's something in a kiss,
If nothing else would prove it,
It might be proved by this,
All honest people love it.

SHUN AFFECTATION.—There is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank and attentive.

How different is affectation! The simple minded are always natural.—They are, at the same time, original. The affected are never natural. And as for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out and buried it from sight, utterly.

Be yourself, then, young friend! To attempt to be any body else is worse than folly. It is an impossibility to attain it. It is contemptible to try.

But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man that ever figured in history; would that make you any the greater? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison to the imitated one, and be thought of only as the shadow of a substance—the echo of a real sound—the counterfeit of a pure coin.

Dr. Johnson aptly compared the heartless imitator—for such is he who affects the character of another—to the Empress of Russia, when she did the freakish thing of erecting a palace of ice. It was splendid and conspicuous while it lasted. But the sun soon melted it, and caused its attractions to dissolve into common water, while the humblest stone cottages of her subjects stood firm and unmared!

Let the fabric of your character, though ever so humble, be at least real. Avoid affecting the character of another, however great. Build up your own. Be what God intended you to be—*yourself*, and not somebody else. Shun affectation!

PRINTING OFFICES.—When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, that good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer; there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain the country would support them. It was plain young Franklin would depend for his support on the profits of a third, and this was a rather doubtful chance. If such an objection was urged to a would-be son-in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer hope to get a wife now, when the present census shows the number to be 15097.

Goodness gracious! how we shudder to think of the prospects now before us.

"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!." screamed a young lady of powerful lungs, and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano.

"I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squall you are raising."

A CURE FOR SCROFULA.—The Cincinnati Commercial publishes the following communication from Nicholas Longworth, the great wine manufacturer of that city:

All the papers I had giving the cure for scrofula, have been distributed to persons sending for the remedy. I have never heard of a case where it did not effect a speedy cure, and it can in no case do an injury. In several instances, where it has been applied to old sores, it has also speedily affected perfect cures. Put one ounce of aquafortis in a bowl, or saucer; drop in two copper cents—it will effervesce—leave the cents in; when the effervescence ceases, add two ounces of strong vinegar. The fluid will be a dark green color. It should and will smart. If too severe, put in a little rain water. Apply it to the sore, morning and evening, by a soft brush or rag. Before applying it, wash the sore with water. Its first application known to me, was a poor girl, sent to our city from Memphis, to have her leg cut off, as it was feared she might not live long enough to have it cut off in that hot climate. She was refused admittance to the poor house, and was lying on the sidewalk, as she could not even stand up.—From her knee to her foot one third of the flesh was gone, and all the skin, except a strip about two inches wide. She was laid on a bed, and the remedy placed on a chair by it. She could rise up and apply it. In a few days her peace of mind returned, and she declared it was getting well. It was supposed it was a relief from the pain only; but when examined, fresh flesh was growing, and skin over it. She was soon running about, and would work, which delayed the entire cure, leaving a small sore, which was in a few months entirely healed. A young girl, with scrofula in her neck, having a large open hole, and deemed incurable, came one month after entirely cured, and recently married, and is now with her husband, on their way to the east. I have known many more similar cases, and have never known a case where it did not effect a cure.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.—Judge O'Neal in the Yorkville Enquirer, tells the following of Judge Wm. Smith of South Carolina.

"He had the rare blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest and best women, whose character has ever been presented to the writer.—He married Margaret Duff. In his worst days she never upbraided him by words, looks or jesture, but always met him as if he was one of the kindest and best of husbands. This course on her part humbled him, and made him weep like a child. This sentence, it is hoped, will be remembered, was the language of Judge Smith to the friends already named, and to those who knew the stern, unbending public character of the Judge, it will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's love can accomplish. He was at last reformed by an instance of her patient love and devotion as he himself told it:

"The evening before the return day of the Court of Common Pleas for York District, a client called with fifty notes to be put in suit. Mr. Smith was not in his office—he was on what is now fashionably called a spree—then a frolic. Mrs. Smith received the notes and sat down in the office to the work of issuing the writs and processes. She spent the night at work—Mr. Smith in riotous living.' At daylight on his way home from his carousals, he saw a light in his office, and his amiable wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work, with her head on the table asleep. His entry awoke her. She told him what she had done, and showed him her night's work—fifty writs and processes. This bowed the strong man, he fell on his knees and implored her pardon, and then and there faithfully promised her never to drink another drop while he lived. "This promise," says my friend, Colonel Williams, 'he has faithfully kept," and said the Judge to him, "from that day every thing I touched turned to gold." His entire success in life," says Col. Williams, "he set down to his faithful observance of this noble promise."

"No better eulogy could be pronounced on Mrs. Smith than has just been given in the words of her distinguished husband. The reformation of such a man as William Smith is a chaplet of glory which few women have been permitted to wear. To the people of South Carolina, and especially of York District, certainly no stronger argument in favor of temperance and total abstinence need be given."

When you see a man in business who will not advertise or take a newspaper, look out for a *mean*, penurious skin flint too tight to enjoy good health, and who holds a *penny* so near his eye that he can't see a dollar.

A jilted chemist finds love to be composed of fifteen parts of gold, three of fame and two of affection.

No family should be without a County Newspaper. Impress this fact upon your neighbor.

FITNESS FOR OFFICE.

In choosing men for public offices the people should have regard more to good morals than to great abilities; for Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are a dozen born in an age: But truth, justice, temperance, and the like, are in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. The want of moral virtues is so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments can never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; at least, the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal as the practices of a man whose inclinations lead him to be corrupt, and who has great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In Switzerland, no less than twenty thousand women earn a livelihood by making watches.

A miserly old fellow has hit upon an experiment to save candles. He uses the light of other days.

The woman who never interfered with her husband's affairs arrived in town the other day. She is unmarried.

The young ladies who rejoice in a multiplicity of rings, chains, lockets, &c. to the unparalleled extent now fashionable, should be labelled like watches in the windows—"warranted full jewelled."

Snow is two feet deep on the mountains above Saratoga.

"Come, O come with me," continued the officer, who dragged the thief off to the station house.

"Welcome, welcome home," softly murmured the turnkey, as he locked Willie up in a cell.

"Behold how brightly breaks the morning," gently whistled the policeman, as early next morning he marched Willie down to the Tombs.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.—Some crusty old bachelor we venture to say, has perpetrated the following specimen of masculine impertinence. Only hear him, poor fellow:

"A woman says what she pleases to you without danger of getting knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to go to work. She can go forth in the streets without being invited to treat at every coffee-house. She can paint her face if it is too pale, and flour it if too red. She can wear corsets if too thick—other fixins if too thin. She can eat, drink and be merry, without costing her a cent, and she can get divorced from her husband when she sees one she likes better."

PROSTITUTION IN NEW YORK.—We find the following startling statement in the Express:

There are six thousand public prostitutes in the city of New York.

The majority of them are from fifteen to twenty years of age.

Education is at a very low standard with them.

One fifth of them are married women.

One half of them have given birth to children, and more than one half of these children are illegitimate.

The ratio of mortality among children of prostitutes is four times greater than the ordinary ratio among children of New York.

Many of these children are living in the abodes of vice and obscenity.

The majority of these women have been prostitutes for less than four years.

The average duration of a prostitute's life is only four years.

A capital of nearly four millions of dollars is invested in the business of prostitution.

The anual expenditure on account of prostitution is more than seven millions of dollars.

There is an average of two thousand abandoned women constantly maintained at the public expense in the hospitals on Blackwell's Island, and their ages embrace almost every period of life, from girlhood to tottering old age.

It is an actual fact that a young man who desired to hug a beautiful girl named Miss Lemon, said "wade in Lemons and get squazed." He got a *punch* for his impudence.

A boarding Miss, deeming 'eat' a word too vulgar for refined ears, defines it thus:

"To insert nutritious pabulum into the denticulated orifice below the nasal protuberance, which, being masticated, peregrinates through the cartilaginous cavities of the *larynx*, and is finally domiciliated in the receptacle for digestible particles."

Verily, the *foregoing is akin to* N. P. Willis' "*Proverbial Philosophy.*"